



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

The following are the unpolished efforts of seventh-grade children in a Polish district where the long peasant ancestry many times makes one think of "The Man with a Hoe."

SOLILOQUY OF PHINEAS FLETCHER (BY AGNES MARZYNSKI)

I wish I had the strength that John has so I wouldn't have to be carried around. I'm going to tell my father to have John work in our mills. I'm going to have John stay with us so we can play checkers and all kinds of games. I wish I wasn't lame and I could walk.

If I wasn't lame I could go in the field and play with John. I wish John had a nice home. I wish I could walk around so I could go to the mills. I wish John had the clothes I have. I wish I was able to walk like John. I wish he had a mother and father to take care of him. I like John he was so kind when he carried me to the door very carefully and asked if he could do anything else for me.

SOLILOQUY OF GARETH (BY PAULINE BASNAR)

Wasn't Sir Gawain a mean man to put me into the kitchen and give me a nickname. If he only knew who I am he would not act to me as he does. I am sorry I couldn't tell King Arthur my name because he was so kind to me. Sir Launcelot also was kind to me. I wish the twelve months were over so I could tell him my other two gifts. I guess they will pass quick and then I'll be glad that I can ask him. I wish Sir Kay wasn't so mean to that lady. But I will get used to this kitchen work later. I will not show the way I feel about it I will try to be kind to everybody and do what I can for them. In the first place I did not belong in the kitchen. But as long as I was put there I will not mind it. If mother only knew how mean some people are to me she would put a stop to it. I suppose she thought I couldn't stand kitchen work, but when she hears it she will feel sorry for telling me to go in the kitchen. I want to be a brave and true knight. I will try to be and show mother that I really could do it.

I suppose that young lady thought I couldn't do anything or fight anybody. She'll see later whether she really picked out a good fighter. I'll show her what I can do.

KATHERINE GEAR WIGHTMAN

HAMLIN SCHOOL  
CHICAGO

---

TO COLUMBUS

Oh, thou whose splendid daring braved the dark  
Of seas unknown and dreaded, whose clear eyes  
Pierced e'en the skies,  
And past the dim horizon saw the spark

That led thee ever onward; thou to whom  
 God's voice, heard o'er men's strident tones, didst say  
 That, waiting, lay  
 New worlds, which thou shouldst call from shadowing gloom—

Behold thy gift unto a lovéd world:  
 A land brim-filled with goodly herds, and green,  
 Rich pastures' sheen,  
 And smoke of myriad cities, upward curled,

Bespeaking wealth and might; a land wherein  
 Of every clime, the bruised and oppressed  
 May find them rest,  
 And heal their souls of weariness and sin.

Yea, thou to man hast giv'n all this, and one  
 Still greater boon; for e'en in chains, which hate  
 Didst make thy fate,  
 And leering envy of thy task well done,

Thou callest still, and ages hear thy voice  
 Triumphant, "Up! There is no task too great  
 For thine estate!"  
 And toiling hearts and weary souls rejoice:

"Man's work need not be held to this earth-clod;  
 Nay, e'en the stars set no bounds for thy soul;  
 Ever thy goal  
 Lies farther on; there is no end but God."

RUTH CARVER

LOUISVILLE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL (PUPIL)

---

#### ENGLISH IN SCHOOL

Each day doth bring us joy and pride anew  
 As we our language mold to finer grace,  
 And fit it to our life's each use and place  
 To send our thought forth beautiful and true;  
 Reading the masters even through and through,  
 Speaking to friends with joyous lighting face,  
 Writing for those who will our words retrace—  
 Fair English tongue, this do we gain from you.